LINES DEDICATED TO FAME and TRUTH:

Written by

Sr. FRANCIS WORTLEY

KNIGHT and BARRONET.

Vpon the consideration of the various Fortunes of that Blessed and most Vertuous Lady

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN OF

BOHEMIA.

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Lines, Dedicated to Fame and Truth, Written by Sir Francis Wortley *Knight and Barronet*, &c.

IF all thoſe vertues which the Criticks call
Vertues Devine, and vertues cardinall,
If theſe together mixt with Royall blood
Can ſcarcely make a claime to merit good,
If her great merits could not impetrate,
So much as not to be unfortunate,
And in misfortunes to exceed ſo farre,
As if the worſt of all her ſex ſhe were;
How light will our beſt worke be in heavens ſcale
If Shee thus farre in points of merit faile,
Had Shee been *Romes* her Superarogation,
Had been ſufficient for the Britiſh Nation,
And would have made the papall Sea as great
As *Rome* was when it was *Auguſtus* ſeat.
Who would not have a bleſſed Pilgrim been,
Had he ever read the Story of this Queen.
Had not the Romane Doctrine been diſputed,
That others merit cannot be imputed,
The Antinomiſts though th'are very loath
To truſt to works, their thred bare faith would cloath.

In Her rich merits, ſo even they might hope
By merits to be ſav'd without a *Pope*.
The Character of patience *Job*, even He
muſt loſe ſome Glory, if compar'd with Thee.
The Story of thy ſufferance, who can tell,
This I dare ſay, it hath no paralell.
Thou wer't the Daughter of a mighty King,
Great *Charles* His only Siſter, and did'ſt bring
A portion worthy the Imperiall Crown;
Beſides, the greateſt portion was thine own;
'Twas for thy ſake the German Princes did
Set *Bohems* Crown upon thy Husbands Head:
They ſaw (good Queen) thy vertues were ſo great,
They would have pla'ct Thee on th'Imperiall Seat.
All theſe thou loſt at once, that we might ſee,
The Gods on Earth have a capacity
Of fatall change, that Kings and Queens may know
There are no fixed fortunes here below.
Lord! What a Sea of Princely Chriſtian blood
Hath been pour'd out, to make thy Title good.
Had ſhee been *Romes*, all theſe had Sainted been,
And ſtil'd, *The bleſſed Martyrs of this* Queen.
Thou and thy King with a diſtracted Train
Before thy Foes fled, and purſu'd amain.
Thy Husband baniſht from His Native ſoyl,
Friends, Cities, Country, made a wofull ſpoyl
And ſackt. The Plague, the Famine, Fire, and Sword,
Were glutted all, Nature the ſights abhord.

Yet

Yet, as enough, thy patience were not tri'd,
Thy Gould in new fires muſt be purifi'd:
Thy firſt born Son which was the greateſt loſſe,
With Ayry Nailes was fixt upon the Croſſe:
Twixt Heaven and Water, and the Veſſell drownd
There frozen to the Maſt was next Day found.
Then *Sweadens* King that thunderbolt of War,
Who had He liv'd, had been an Emperor,
Had rais'd Your Husbands Heart, that He eſpi'd
Some glimering hopes, and in that twi-light died.
Before thou could'ſt recover ſuch a croſſe,
Sad News was brought thee of another loſſe,
That Great *Guſtavus* was untimely ſlain,
(As t'was ſuppos'd with Piſtols ſent from *Spain*)
Whoſe Martiall Soul, not us'd to be ſaid nay
In it's Aſcention, got a glorious Day.
As in His Journey, it the Planets paſt,
'Twas ſo much honored there, great *Mars* at laſt
Begun to fear, He could not chooſe but ſee,
His Legions did incline to mutiny,
And joyn'd together would a Councell call,
To make that Spirit of His their Generall.
Never the Sonl of any King Aſcended,
Who had from Earth to Heaven been more cõmended.
My Muſe grows weary with this Tragick Story
(Nor could I force her) were it not Her glory
Whom it concerns, (now to the laſt I come,
So may it be her brave Heroique Son)

Whoſe

Whoſe ſweetneſſe here hath ſo much honour got,
Except the Queen, few have ſo great a ſtocke
In Court, and Country both, nor would I ſee
A kinder Father ſaving Majeſtie
Then our King was; and ſeldome have I ſeen
A kinder Mother, then our vertuous Queen.
When this ſweet Prince had here tri'd ſome few freinds
And had propounded to the King his ends,
He ſhips himſelfe, needs but to hoiſe halfe ſaile
Leaſt prayers and ſighes ſhould raiſe too great a gale,
Words are but ayre, and prayers but words in forme,
'Tis but exceſſe of Ayre that makes a ſtorme.
Auſtria too long for Juſtice hath been ſuited,
Their cauſe muſt now with ſharpe ſwords be diſputed.
Our King and they with treaties were deluded,
Both ſhe and hers by Act of State excluded,
From all their Rights, an Army then they rais'd,
On ſuch a ſuddaine, it the world amaz'd;
He brings them to the field, beſeidg'd a Town,
Which to th'Imperiall iſts was quickly known;
Two diſtant Armies correſpondence hold,
(Which made even both the Armies far more bold)
The leſſer dares him out, keeps him in play,
Meane while the ſtronger marches night and day
And got behinde him, to his paſſage make,
Which with their horſe, too ſtrong for his they take;
When the Prince ſaw his army thus enclos'd,
He cals a Councell, he himſelfe ſuppos'd

'Twas

'Twas beſt to charge thoſe which the paſſage kept,
Which all agreed on, and before they ſlept,
They March away, though they were almoſt tyr'd
And over Marcht, their Trenches then they Fir'd.
Into Brigadoes they their ſtrength devide,
Flanker their foot, with Horſe on either ſide.
Their ſtrength was Horſe, their Baggage they incloſe,
Guarded their Cannon; then He *Craven* choſe,
And to his charge He did commit the Van,
Who prov'd himſelfe that Day, *A Daring Man*,
And ſhewd himſelf ſo reſolute and bould,
His name is in the Book of Fame enrould.
He and His Brother did bring up the Reare,
Whoſe high born Spirits did that Day appeare.
Craven charg'd home and did them ſore diſmay,
But for their freſh ſupplies, He won the Day.
The Battles joyn, the Imperialiſts increa'ſt,
And as they grew, Death had the greater Feaſt.
The Reare came bravely up, the young Prince He,
In thirſt of *Honour*, ſence of injury;
Himſelf to ſuch high hazards He expos'd,
As He was often by His foes enclos'd;
Yet who enclos'd Him, or enforſt His ſtay,
He, by their ruines, made himſelf ſtill way.
But when Prince *Robert*, Her brave ſecond Son,
(Who 'mongſt the Souldiers hath ſuch Honour won)
Heard that His Princely Brother was ingag'd,
With love, and Martiall fury both inrag'd,

Through

Through troops of Horſe and Foot He forſt His way,
And finds Him freed, yet there He would not ſtay,
He forward preſt into the greateſt throng
Of all His foes, His Sword there told His wrong:
He pickt out their Commanders whom He knew
By Marks were giv'n Him, thoſe He took or ſlew,
Whoſe troops of Horſe and Foot; His fury fly,
Thoſe He encounters muſt, or yeeld, or dye,
'Twas happineſſe to them (who did command)
Since they muſt Dye, to Dye by ſuch a Hand.
His Horſe, His Arme, His very Sword was tyr'd,
That Spirit of His, twice *Sampſons* ſtrength requir'd;
And vvould their Waggons vvith rich ſpoyls have laded,
Nay all the troops of *German* Horſe have Jaded.
And thus retyr'd, they blockt Him up (they ſay)
When none durſt charge, 'twas thought the ſafeſt vvay.
Have you eare ſeen a chafed *Lyon* ſtand,
With toyles encompaſt, and on every Hand
With Hunters gall'd, yet none the Liſts dare enter,
Leaſt he too dearly pay for his Adventure.
VVhil'ſt all the Hunters various waies contrive
To take this *Lyon* (if they can alive)
So gald and wearie brave Prince *Robert* ſtood,
The Earth about him dy'd with *German* Blood.
At laſt a Troop of deſperate Men they Horſt,
Who on all ſides aſſault him, ſo enforſt
With multitudes, when all the wayes they'd try'd,
They took him living, who would fain have dy'd;

VVhich

Which News too ſoon did through the Army fly,
And that the Enemies had a freſh ſupply
Who had encompaſt them on everie ſide,
In everie face that after this News dy'd:
He who had skill in Phiſnomie might find
How to revenge the Souldiers were inclind.
'Tis true, they loſt the Day, but they behav'd
Themſelves ſo bravely, they their Honour ſav'd:
The meaneſt Souldier by Example led,
By Troops together mixt with Enemies dead.
The *Paulſgrave* was advis'd to quit the field,
Which *He* refus'd, *He* ſcorn'd ſo much to Yeeld.
Being rudely preſt, *He* cuts himſelf a way
Through all thoſe Troops, none durſt enforce *His* ſtay.
He to the Weſen comes, into it Leapt,
Which *Him* as ſafely as it's Soveraign kept.
His ſprighfull Steed ſo bravely landed *Him*
As if *He* had Great *Neptunes Dolphin* been.
'Tis true, the VVaves in multitudes increaſt
And crouded in, to welcome ſuch a Gueſt;
Yet ſo obedient were to their commands,
The proudeſt VVaves there, durſt but kiſſe *His* hands.
Thus Landed ſafely on proud VVeſens Banks,
He lifts *His* Eyes up, and gives Heaven the thanks,
VVith ſuch a confidence to *Heaven He* prayes,
He had *Solomons* bleſſing given, and length of Dayes.
You who were once dear Wives, ſad Widdows now,
Mothers of Children, who have kept each Vow

Either to Heaven, or to your Husbands made:
Think how the Queen was with this News dismaid;
But you were never Daughters to a King,
Nor did such Portions to your Husbands bring,
The Worlds great love to you hath never cost
It any Blood, you have no Kingdoms lost,
No hopes of Empire, ther's no Prince hath try'd
His Fortunes in your cause; No Kings have dy'd
In your just quarrell: You have not left Estates,
Or if you have, not two *Palatinates*.
Your Eldest Son was not in Shipwrack lost,
Nor was your second in the Wesen tost;
Your third not taken Prisoner by his foes;
Had you all those, and not such Sons as those;
How can, how dare you judge of hers,
But as poore Vassals, speak of Emperors;
They do beleeve at Court there are such things
As they have heard their Magistrats call Kings;
Like those that dare the Stars by name recite,
Or count by Unites to an Infinite,
They're forst to end where they at first begin,
And so in arrogance commit a sin.
So should you rob this good Queen of her glorie,
(But I much more) by telling of this Storie.
In this I do but as most People use,
I with a greater wrong, a lesse excuse:
That which my naked Muse should cover (Love)
In this case doth my disadvantage prove,

The

The World ſtands ſo affected to Her Storie,
No Muſe, I know, but would impaire Her glorie.
The competition might grave *Homer* raiſe,
Or *Maroes* Soule to ſing this good Queens praiſe;
Who eare he be he needs not to complain,
For this high Subject will enrich his ſtrain,
And Impe the proudeſt Feather in his Wing,
That with the Larke he may mount high, and ſing
Even to the admiration of the Quier,
Sute but the Subject, and none can ſing higher.

Congratulatory Lines, Written upon the Landing of the renowned Prince Robert, *Nephew to our dear Soveraign, and Son to the glorious Queen of* Bohemia, *and Second Brother to the Illuſtrious Prince* Elector.

WElcome, thrice welcome brave Heroick Spirit,
He's no good Subject Joyes not in the merit
Of deare *Eliza's* bleſſed Progenie,
He's no brave Man, hath not his ſhare in thee.
If th'*Engliſh*, *Daniſh*, *Scottiſh*, *German* Blood
Wanted their Stories, thou wilt prove them good.
Yet let me tell thee, thy brave Mothers Storie,
Like the bright Sun, admits no rivall glorie;

When

When our brave *Cordelion* was betrai'd
By *Austria's* Arch-Duke, and his Prisoner made,
Such was our sorrow then, and discontent
As here was for thy late imprisonment:
Such was the Joy when He came safely home,
As here late was, that thou wert hither come;
Eliza is derived from His Line,
And hath a braver Heart then his or thine;
Her Name to all succeeding times shall bee
Glorious as His; but more renown'd by Thee.
Poets are Prophets, then, accept from me
These humble wishes, as a Propheſie:
The Names no Stranger to th' Imperiall Seat,
May thy Sword make our dear Prince, *Charles the Great*
May thy dear Mother in blest old Age see
Her wrongs, and losses all, repayr'd by Thee.

FINIS.